

No. 53. General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va. Sunday, July 6, 1919

Patriotic Meet Was Big Success

Base Ball This Afternoon

INDEPENDENCE DAY PROGRAM SUCCESS.

The Fourth of July was a live day at General Hospital 43. Participants in the varied program started the day early. Various contests were freely engaged in, made the more interesting by the splendid playing of the Post band. The program started with the Cage Ball game, in which the Labor Battalion of General Hospital 43 won over Hampton Institute. An interesting baseball game between the patients of Wards 19 and 22 was won by the former.

Under the direction of Mr. E. E. Heidt, of Washington, D. C., and Mr. I. E. Brown, local athletic man, some five-hundred patients gave a splendid exhibition of calisthenics and group games. Good matches of tennis were played throughout the day by enlisted men, officers, nurses and patients, as part of the tournaments that are still unfinished.

One of the morning's good features was the baseball game played by the Labor Battalion against Hampton Institute. The latter won by a score of 11 to 2.

At noon all enjoyed a delightful holiday dinner, consisting of the things which go to make such an occasion. Special mention is made of this delightful feed in another article.

Starting in the afternoon at 1:30, the dashes were engaged in by many runners, besides the very interesting shoe race. In the 100 yard dash, first prize was won by Pvt. Sexton of Ft. Monroe; second by Pvt. Brett, Ft. Monroe; third by Pvt. Park, unattached.

In the 440 Yard dash, first prize was won by W. A. Park, unattached; second by W. A. Bailey, General Hospital 43.

In the mile run first prize was won by Corp. L. J. Simmons; second by Lieut. Gaw; third by W. A. Bailey, all of General Hospital 43.

In the shoe race, first prize was won by J. L. Rich, Ward 21; second by G. T. Hester, Ward 21; third by E. T. Schopper, Ward 18.

Lucy Wins Shot Put.

The "shot put" brought a number of contestants into the competition. First prize was won by Sgt. Lucy, Ft. Monroe, with a throw of 46 feet, 10 inches; second by Sgt. 1st c. 43 feet, 4 inches; third by Sgt. Koontz, Ft. Monroe, with a throw of 39 feet 9 inches.

In the "high jump," A. Weber, Camp Stuart, took first prize; Gaines, Ft. Monroe, second, and J. Bowen, General Hospital 43, took third.

Patient's Races.

An obstacle race was run off for the benefit of patients who wished to participate. First prize was won by Iborg of Ward 21; second by Spaulding of Ward 20; third by Hester of Ward 21.

Tug of War.

The tug of war, set between the Labor Battalion and the Sailors, of the U. S. S. Prometheus, was won by the Labor Battalion.

The locals won in the baseball game.

Aerial Stunts.

One of the splendid and entertaining features of the afternoon program, was the performance of Lieut. George, the intrepid aviator from Langley Field, who thrilled the crowd of spectators with many daring stunts. Lieut. George was at his best.

(Continued on last page.)

GEE AITCH 43

Published every day, except Monday, and devoted to the interests of General Hospital No. 43, Hampton, Va.

Official Staff:

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Reporter.....Corp. W. W. Shankweiler

Officer of the Day:

Sunday—Lt. Kemp.

Monday—Capt. Jordan.

Sunday, July 6, 1919.

America stands for opportunity. It was to get opportunity that millions of immigrants fled from conditions in the OLD country, and came here. Their own lands were overrun with oppression and hardened and throttled under the yoke of privilege.

Opportunity is likewise the dearest treasure to the soul of the native born American.

Safety first, is by no means the motto for this free land. On the contrary, it is the ideal of timid and oppressed peoples.

America is young, vigorous and eager for adventure; she never tires. All the American asks of the world is a chance. His dream is the open door and he hates, most of all, any obstacle that stands in the way of his progress.

But Americans are idealists. Two million American sons were sent overseas to fight—to die, if need be—in Europe, and Americans spent billions in money, all for an ideal,—Not to gain money or territory.

America would not take, by force of arms, the land or the goods of another nation. There was never a greater mistake prevalent among other nations than that America had no soul above the dollar. Americanism has its dreams, its brilliant goal toward which it presses, and has faith in the immutable promises of God. The true American citizen proposes the brotherhood of man and equality of privilege for all. In the ideals of true Americanism rests the genuine hope of the world.

* * *
Greatness of character is ever allied to humility of heart and soul.
* * *

The Christian life is not one of monasticism, but of activity, stress and of daily contact with the vicious and ugly as well as the noble and fine. The man who conquers the world is the man who sees beyond the world and the man who succeeds is the man of prayer. A newspaper writer who sought out Gen. Foch found him on his knees in a little French church. President Wilson, facing the crushing burdens of the world war, led his cabinet members in prayer, and you and I felt safer that he could do such a thing. The nearer a man gets to God the bigger, better and finer he must become; for in communion with God you take on something of the character of God just as certainly as you take on something of the qualities of a man or woman you intensely admire. It is a fact of spiritual as well as natural law.

* * *
The doors of paradise ever stand open for the benevolent man—Joyce.
* * *

Before God's foot-stool to confess
A poor soul knelt, and bowed his
head;
"I failed," he cried. The Master
said:
"Thou didst thy best—that is success."—Selected.

A strong cigar has put many a
gent to the clear. Keep at it, Roy.

LOCALS TOO FAST FOR EM-BARKATION.

The Locals added another winning to their long string of victories in the game against Camp Stuart, July 4th. Errors were largely responsible for the defeat of the visitors, though apparently, these could not be counted costly.

A clean single in the seventh prevented Taylor from registering a no-hit victory. Though unsteady, at times, he pitched in masterly style. With one out and with two on in the ninth, the terrific heat compelled him to retire in favor of OTIS, who finished the game. ZIEGLER AND BOB KNODE featured in the field. The heat must have dimmed the batting eyes of the Post players, for they only got three hits.

	Ab	R	H	O	A	E
Widmeyer, lf.	3	1	0	3	0	0
J. Knode, 3b.	4	0	0	1	4	0
B. Knode, 1b.	4	0	1	11	2	0
Otis, 2b.-p.	3	1	0	5	0	0
Ziegler, ss.	3	1	0	0	5	0
Long, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Novick, cf.	3	1	1	0	0	0
McCarthy, c.	3	0	1	4	2	0
Taylor, p.	3	0	0	0	1	0
Dempster, 2b.	0	0	2	0	0	0
<hr/>						
Totals,	29	4	3	27	14	0
Emb. Hospital	0	0	0	0	0	1
Post Team	1	0	0	3	0	0

Summary: Struck out by Taylor, 3. Base on balls, off Taylor, 4; off Otis, 1. Stolen bases, Widmeyer, J. Knode, Otis, McCarthy. Umpires: Serene and Mr. Long.

ENLISTED MEN'S DANCE.

Friday evening, the enlisted men of General Hospital 43, entertained as their guests, the young ladies of Hampton and Phoebus. The guests gathered at the invitation of Mrs. Hunter Booker and the ladies of the Hampton Red Circle Club, and of Mrs. Hamlin and the ladies of the same organization of Phoebus. Excellent music by the band under the leadership of Sgt. Trumpower, was instrumental in giving the happy couples an evening of gayety, in spite of the very warm weather.

Combination refreshments of dainty cakes and fruit drink were freely consumed by the merry-makers during the intervals. Some fifty couples were present, including a few out-of-town guests.

Through the Knights of Columbus, it was possible for the dancers to be entertained by Mack and Lehne, in dialogue and song. This couple won the appreciation of their audience with their very clever and artistic renderings.

SOME FEED!

The Fourth of July dinner at General Hospital 43 was the nicest thing in the way of eats, that our Post dwellers have enjoyed for sometime. This was to be expected. Careful planning by the Mess Sergeants, and the co-operation of the sources of food supply, combined with the skillful work of the cooks, and the painstaking work of those who served the tables, all together furnished a delightful repast. It was a chicken dinner with all the side dishes and trimmings! Much gratitude is due Captain Coombs, Sergeant Rumley, Sgt. Spede and the cooks.

Today, Captain Cosby M. Robertson, Chaplain, will continue the series of sermons, the subject being: "The Royal Bounty" (not the "Swimming Iron"). The service begins in the Post chapel promptly at 9:30 A. M. and lasts one hour. The choir director is arranging attractive music for the Sunday service. Immediately after the service the choir will visit the closed wards of the hospital and sing for the patients.

Patients, Corps' men, nurses, officers and their families are cordially invited to attend.

The remaining subjects in the series are as follows:

July 6: "The Royal Bounty."

July 13: "Little Foxes in the Army."

July 20: "Life's Bugle Calls."

Lewis Hughes, what were you doing at Buckroe yesterday? From all reports you are a reg'lar Hercules.

PATRIOTIC MEET.

(Continued from page 1.)

In the Roped Arena.

In the boxing preliminaries, John Taylor got the decision over Luther McGilton, in four two-minute rounds, both local men. In the six two-minute bouts between J. J. Coupperman of the U. S. S. Prometheus and Mickey Brooks, Philadelphia city champion, the decision went to Coupperman. In the semi-finals, Joe Simpson, U. S. S. Prometheus and "Rough House" Alonzo Wright mixed things fast and mighty through six three-minute rounds. The decision was a draw.

Knockout in Finals.

The final bout was a ten three-minute round go, between Kid Tilley of Baltimore, 135 pound champion of the Navy, and Frankie Nelson, 135 pound ex-champion of the army. This bout went only three rounds. Tilley's heavy bombardments flooring his opponent for the count of ten, after cutting up his face and batting him around the ring pretty badly.

Much Credit to Mr. Brown.

The show in the evening included a number of clever vodeville acts and movies of our May 31st field meet. The dances are covered separately elsewhere.

Mr. Brown, A. R. C. Post Athletic Director, who generaled the day, is due our profound thanks. All those assisting him, committees, contestants and especially Mr. Heidt, A. R. C., Mr. Nolley, A. R. C., Mr. Marshall, Y. M. C. A., Mr. Roselfeld, J. W. B., who served ice cream to the whole crowd, ably assisted by ladies from the Reconstruction Aide department, both morning and afternoon. Mr. Crafts, W. C. C. S., and the Knights of Columbus organization are entitled to our thanks.

It was a successful day in spite of the scorching heat that prevailed. It was UP 43!

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Dempsey Wins Championship.

Report by wire of the Willard-Dempsey fight came in during the above bouts and were announced from the boxing platform.

OFFICERS' AND NURSES' DANCE

Friday evening several officers and nurses of General Hospital 43, gathered at the Nurses' Recreation Hall, and enjoyed a short program of dancing, music being furnished by the regular Post orchestra. Owing to the heat not as many were present as usual.

MONOLOGUE INCOMPLETE.

One of the fellow officers of Lt. Stewart, requests that the latter take the next car to Dismal Swamp and finish his monologue after reaching there.

BACK FROM PASS.

Pvt. 1st c. John Kiles has returned from his visit home.

BARRACKS "I"

"Sergeant First Class" John J. Popkins was seen taking his chevrons and service bars out for a walk this morning. That battle of Newport News was an awful one, eh, John?

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Say, Harvey! Are you now engaged in the wholesale flour business? Boy, you sure have a good advertisement.

—o—

WANTED: Several good indoor baseball players, who can be taught to play without always crabbing. Also an umpire of the best of character, who will give us all the odds. —Pink Sox.

—o—

Sgt. 1st c. John C. Sycamore went to bed with green bathing suit.

—o—

Look at John Mills, a billiard ball has nothing on him for a smooth round surface. We thought your head was square, John.

—o—

Who are our two boys who believe that there is no girl so lovely as a school-marm? We have been watching them for some time now, and they get worse every day. **MORAL:** Don't let the school-marm run away with you, Emerson.